SWORN IN OFFICE

WILSON AND MARSHALL ARE INAUGURATED IN

PRESENCE OF THRONGS

The Democrats Takes the Reins of Government Again After Twenty-Eight Years by the Inauguration of Woodrow Wilson and Thos. R. Marshall Into Office Tuesday.

Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, was inaugurated Tuesday as President of the United States; Thomas R. Marshall, of Indiana, its Vice?President; Democracy, the vehicle of its destiny. Under the dome of the nation's Capitol, in the presence of a countless concourse of his fellow-citizents, the new President raised a hand toward a prophetic sun that burst through dissolving clouds and pronounced the occasion a day of dedication; not of triumph.

It was an intensely human, precedent-breaking inauguration. With members of his chosen Cabinet surrounding him, the Justices of the Supreme Court before him, his wife and daughters actually dancing for joy on the platform below, and William Howard Taft, Ex-President of the nation, at his side, the new President shouted a summons to all "honest, patriotic, forward-looking men" to aid him, extending the premise that he would not fail them in the guidance of their Government.

While the President's concluding inaugural words were tossing in tumultuous waves of applause, the retiring President clasped his hand and enlisted as a patriotic servant in the ranks of private citizenship. "Mr. President," said Mr. Taft, his face beaming with a smile, "I wish you a successful administration and the carrying out of your aims. We will all be behind you." "Thank you," said President Wilson, and he turned to shake the hand of his Secretary of State, William J. Bryan.

There they stood—Taft, standard-bearer of a vanquished party after sixteen years of power; Bryan, persistent plodder of progressive Democracy, thrice defeated, accepting a commission from a new chieftain; and, Wilson, the man of the hour, victorious, mustering, as he expressed it, "not the forces of the party, but the forces of humanity."

It was a political picture far beyond imagination of a few years gone by, a setting that stirred the souls of the assembled hosts, whose cheering at the scene seemed actually to reverberate from the distant Virginia hills.

The military and civic pageant that followed this climax of the historic day was more than five hours passing in review. Leaving the Capitol Hill at two o'clock in the afternoon, the last of the marching thousands had not saluted the President until, long after darkness had fallen.

President Wilson stood for more than an hour under the glare of myriads of brilliant electric lights as he greeted thousands in the long line, among them the host of Princeton students, who, as they passed before him, shouted a hearty greeting that he never can forget.

The music of the bands, the glitter of the uniforms and all the euthusiasm that had gone before him had stirred him again and again, but the sight of this cheering student army was to President Wilson an inspiration that brought cherished memories and joyous tears. Not long after the boys from Old Nassau had passed he turned from the human panorama and entered the White House to grasp the wheel of the ship of state.

Ceremonies in the Senate chamber which marked the dying of the 62nd and the vitalizing of the new 63rd Congress, embracing the inauguration of Vice-President Marshall and the swearing in of the Senators-elect, were never more impressive. Though delayed somewhat by the course of legislation necessitating turning back half an hour the hands of the clock, the interest was tense.

The procession into the chamber of members of the House, ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries in all their brilliant regalia, the Chief Justice and Justices of the Supreme Court, in their sombre robes, the Vice-President-elect, President Taft, and the President-elect, side by side, escorted by the members of the congressional inaugural committee, was an inspiring spectacle.

When all had taken their places and the members of the new cabinet had been seated in the rear of the room, Mr. Marshall took the oath of office, administered by Senator Gallinger, at exactly 12:34 o'clock. He then delivered his inaugural address, in which he referred to the Senate as the "blinders of the governmental harness".

Then began the procession from the Senate, winding to the great amphitheatre at the east front of the capitol. After Chief Justice White, followed by the other justices of the supreme court, had entered the inaugural stand, President Taft and President-elect Wilson appeared in the doorway of the capitol. Their presence was the signal for cheers from the crowd assembled in the wide esplanade and the huge grandstand, and perched on the roof of the capitol from one end to the other. Reaching the stand the president-elect stood for several moments with head bared, acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd. Then with the president, the chosen members of his cabinet, the Vice-President-elect, the Justices and Speaker Clark, he seated himself to await the solemn ceremony.

Promptlly at 1:35 o'clock, when Chief Justice White arose to administer the oath and Woodrow Wilson stood with right hand upraised to heaven, the most human touching picture of the day asserted itself. Mrs. Wilson could not see well from her seat. As spryly as a little girl, she moved her chair to the side of the rostrum and climbed upon it with the assistance of Lieut. Rogers, the president's naval aide. Grasping the railing, she stood there gazing at the president as he kissed the Bible and she remained standing until his address was concluded. Then the Misses Wilson joined her. When the new president swore to uphold and defend the constitution he stooped and kissed

HIS LAST DAY A BUSY ONE

TAFT WELCOMES WILSON TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Outgoing President Received Many Callers, Among Them Being William Jennings Bryan.

President Taft's last day in the White House was one of his busiest. As a working day it did not last more than ten hours, but it was crowded with unusual events, full of incidents that fall to the man who sits in the White House and crowned with pleasantries.

The President shook hands with several hundred citizens and officials of the government; received scores of telegrams from friends all over the world; signed his name to pile after pile of pictures and letters and held three receptions. He quit the room he has occupied for four years in the executive office with a smile and without a backward glance.

He met his old-time friends of the Washington diplomatic corps and the Justices of the Supreme Court in the White House, and last of all, he gave the first formal welcome in that mansion to the President-elect and Mrs. Wilson.

Monday night the President and Mrs. Taft were guests at a private dinner given by Miss Mabel Boardman. All together, as Mr. Taft told visitors Monday, it was one of the happiest days of his life and the regret he may have had over things he was unable to accomplish was more than offset by the remembrance of the pleasant paths he has traversed.

The President received the President-elect and Mrs. Wilson at six o'clock Monday night. Col. Spencer Cosby, chief aide to the President had sent his own touring car to bring them through the crowded thoroughfares. A few hundred persons gathered in front of the mansion, cheered when they recognized the next President and his wife.

On the bronze seal of the United States, imbedded deep in the marble floor of the main hallway, President Taft was waiting to receive his guests. He offered his arm to Mrs. Wilson and escorted the next "First Lady of the Land" to the quiet of the Green room. Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen, the only members of the retiring President's family in town, came down the stairway a few moments later and the President-to-be, his wife and the Presidents who quit Tuesday, and his wife and daughter, talked alone.

William Jennings Bryan was one of the last distinguished visitors who saw the President in his office. Col. Bryan came unannounced late in the afternoon.

"Here's something I want to show you," said the President, as he grasped the visitor by the arm and led him to the Cabinet room.

"This," continued the President, "is the Cabinet room."

Mr. Brryan sat down in the chair of the Secretary of State, but made no comment.

"I just dropped in to say farewell," he told the newspaper men as he departed. "I have many Republican friends as well as those in the Democratic party."

Before he left his office for the last time the President shook hands with the members of the executive office staff.

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of James D. Maher, deputy clerk of the supreme court. His hand touched a page, turned at random, and fell upon the 119th Psalm.

When congratulations were over, the Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the retiring and incoming Cabinets and others shaking the hand of the new Chief Magistrate, he was ushered to the carriage in front of the stand. Mr. Taft followed him into the carriage. His smile had not worn off and it radiated over the crowd as the new President doffed his hat to the populace when the procession started.

There was hardly a minute during the new President's ride from the Capitol to the White House that he did not hear a constantly rising chorus of cheers. As his carriage passed up Pennsylvania avenue and those in each section of the densely crowded thoroughfare spied the visage of the new President, the outbursts seemed to increase in volume and enthusiasm.

The mass of humanity that crowded its way within seeing distance of the Presidential carriage could not be pictured by numerical estimates for there was hardly any space on the avenue or its tributary streets which was not filled. The buildings along the way seemed fairy hidden by their human coverings, and the especially built street stands were crowded to over-flowing. Amid it all was a proded the open Bible, held in the hands fusion of decoration, a vari-colored and elaborate, so that the buildings along the way were fairly hidden behind it all.

President Wilson doffed his hat continually in recognition of prolonged ovations. The ride from the White House to the Capitol was brief but spectacular. The Essex troop, of New Jersey, led the Presidential carriage, while the Cullver cadet troop, of Indiana, escorted Mr. Marshall. Although the crowds were not as demonstrative on this occasion as they were on the return journey from the Capitol to the White House, there was a cheering tribute all along the line.

It was nearly 3'clock before President Wilson returned to the White House, where he partook of a buffet luncheon with 250 invited guests, including members of the new Cabinet and official folk generally.

Sold Gold Coins for Brass.

Five boys of Scranton, Pa., offered $10 and $20 gold pieces on the streets of that city for 25c each. When searched by the police the youths' pockets produced over $500 in gold coins, which they admitted taking from the cellar of a house formerly occupied by Peter J. Scanlon, a miser. The boys thought the coins were brass medals.

Medical Meet Is Held.

The National Association of American Medical Colleges began its annual convention at Chicago Monday in the Congress Hotel. The sessions were addressed by medical experts and teachers from various parts of the country, including several professors from the University of Chicago.

THE RACE OF CAR "NUMBER NINETEEN"

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

Part II.

As No. 18 rolled up to the tape the grand stand burst into cheering and clapping of hand. No. 18 was easily the favorite. It was made by a famous firm, and had won several smaller races during the summer and had made a good showing in France in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race. Its driver, Pearson, was skillful and reckless; and though he habitually disregarded the rights of other drivers, this affected him little with the public, which sees only results and judges by them. As he bolted away, Pearson responded to the applause with a jaunty wave of a gauntleted hand.

Nineteen was next. The grand stand looked on listlessly; she was the nobody of the race. Jack cranked the engine, which started going with the din of a rapid-fire gun, and leaped in. Morgan pulled his goggles down over his eyes, and sat tensely waiting, while the starters, who shared the grand stand's opinion of Nineteen, perfunctorialy shouted the seconds into his ears: "Fifteen—ten—five — four — three —" he turned his head and had a glimpse of a smiling figure leaning over a box railing—"two—one—go!" He let the clulth in slowly, and the car moved easily away from the silent grand stand—silent save for one pair of clapping hands. He shifted to the high gear, the car fairly sprang into sprinting speed, and flashed away down the oiled road—and the race that was to mean everything or nothing to Morgan was on.

On the racer sped, the incarnation of velocity. To drive this creature of steel and fire is the most dangerous thing man does in the name of sport. Man's highest development of God's material is in it, but under so terrific a strain man's best may snap. The course is narrow and has its turns, and only the coolest nerve and the steadiest, quickest hand can hold the creature to her path. A snap, or an instant's unsteadiness of hand—and the race may be forever over for man and machine. And there may be a ragged hole in the bordering human wall where the machine tore through.

Morgan had the hand and the nerve; and this flying ton of steel was as obedient to his will as though it had been flesh and bone of his own body—which, indeed, it was. The wind roared about them; the roadside trees were a green smear; the two lines of people were not people, but two black walls—and the throbbing racer shot onward, onward like a bullet aimed at the red eye of the rising sun.

To keep your machine in the road, and to keep it going at eighty an hour on the straightaways and at forty on the turns—that's the substance of driving a racer, baring mishaps. And that was the substance of Morgan's first round. He crep up to within half a mile of Eighteen and was holding that position when he skimmed past the grand stand. The grand stand blur to him, but the corner of his eye caught the waving of a single handkerchief.

"Thirty minutes!" Jack announced. "Great!"

Morgan nodded, his eyes on the oiled roadway.

A few miles on Fearson had a puncture in his rear tire, and stopped in the very middle of the road to repair it. It was such breaches of racing etiquette as this that made him so cordially detested by other drivers. Morgan, tearing on behind, had to slow down and run almost off the course to get by. The slow-down cost him a quarter of a minute; and three-hundred mile races are sometimes won by little more.

A little further on, Morgan, himself, had a rear tire pucture. He stopped at the next tire station and had it replaced, and was starting it off again, after a loss of three minues, when Pearson came whizzing by. Morgan set out in grim pursuit and gradually closed the gap between them. When thirty yards behind, he sounded his horn for Pearson to give him half the road, but Pearson, despite the rule that a machine being overtaken must keep to the right, held the middle of the course. They ran so for a mile, then the way broadened and Morgan touched his acclerator. Nineteen responded like a horse to a whip, darted forward, swung around Eighteen and again took the middle of the road. When they flashed by the grand stand Eighteen as a mile behind.

Her third round was done in twenty-nine minutes. The grand stand began to be interested. The fourth round in the same—a slight cheer came from the stand. The fifth round in the same—a louder cheer. The sixth round Nineteen came by in twenty-seven minutes, leading the next machine. Pearson's by more than half a lap. A roar went up from the grand stand, so great that it drowned to Morgan's ears the terrific artillery of his flying car, and the roar thundered along the parallel human walls through which he sped. Nineteen had become the favorite.

On on the car sped, increasing her lead every mile over Eighteen, which still held second place. Near the end of the ninth round they saw Pearson less than than a mile ahead a lead of a lap on their nearest rival!

"One more round——!" Morgan cried exultantly.

Jack hugged his left arm.

When they turned into the straight stretch that passed the grand stand, Pearson was but a hundred yards or two ahead, and a few lengths beyond was No. 7, hopelessly out of the race from an hour's delay, but now running bravely. Pearson, a notorious player to the grand stand, saw here a chance for a bit of the spectacular. As he and No. 7 drew up to the stand he blew for passageway, and touched his acclerator. His car sprinted forward, but Pearson, always a reckless driver, cut the curve of passing too fine; perhaps he had expected more of the road. The hub of his right fore wheel smashed against the left rear wheel of No. 7. There was an explosion and a crash. Eighteen skidded to one side from the impact, and rushed on, unnarmed. But Seven, a wheel splintered, the end of an axle on the ground, was left lunging wildly about like a wounded beast.

Between this disaster and the next the crowd had time for only a gasping cry of horror. Morgan as gripped by the terror instant-away death. He jerked out the cluth and threw on the brakes. But there was no stopping this roaring thunderbolt in a hundred yards, and no steering around that crippled, flopping machine ahead. The two cars crashed. A figure shot over the bonnet of Nineteen, like a tumbler from his springboard, and roiled over and over in the road and lay very still. The two machines seemed to writhe for an instant, as though in gigantis enmity—ther engines bombarding muzzle to muzzle. They were swung apart—No. 7 to become a wreck against the grand stand—No. 19 to go lurching forward upon one fore wheel and the end of an axle, grazing the prostrate body in the road.

The grand stand breathed. They had expected annihiiation. But Morgan in the last thousandth of a second had swerved his machine so that his left fore wheel had met, and not with direct impact, a wheel of No. 7. The crowd saw that the two men in No. 7 were living, and saw that the man at the steering wheel of Nineteen still held his seat.

Morgan, whose grip on the wheel and supreme bracing of the legs had saved him from being a catapultic missle, leaped from the car and ran back to where Jack lay. He knelt and jerked off Jack's goggles. The boy weakly opened his eyes. "All gone to smash?" he asked.

"How are you?" Morgan cried.

Jack began slowly to rise. Morgan waited for no more. He rushed to Nineteen, which officials were frantically pushing from the track, for the announcer's megaphone had sounded the cry: "Car coming!" They lodged her against the grand stand—beneath a box where sat a girl in a tan coat; and the instant the car stopped Morgan wriggled under it, and to the crowd was only a V of legs. Jack limped dazedly up, and at the sight of the battered bonnet and radiator, the splintered hub that had been a fore wheel, the race that was lost, the boy leaned his elbows over his old seat and broke into sobs. Iin this he was not alone, for just above him a girl in a tan coat was sobbing, too.

Morgan began to wriggle out, and Jack, face streaming, caught his ankles and dragged him forth. He sprang up frantically, his grimy face likewise tear-streaked.

"How is it?"Jack asked.

"Seems solid—front axle bent a little." He pointed a quivering hand at the hub. "Get it off!—jack up the axle!"

"Why—what for?" Jack asked blankly.

"Hang it! Get it off!" he yelled. And he turned and sprinted in the direction of their garage—why, only his frenzy could have told, for the garage was four miles away. But the sight of one of the motorcycle patrolmen brought him to a stop. Without a word, he snatched the motorcycle from the owner's hands, and gave a run and leaped astride it. It was a high-powered machine, with a mile-a-minute reputation. Whatever its best was, it showed that best now. In a dozen seconds Morgan was a whizzing speck down the roadway, the tails of his yellow dustcoat whipping the air. The crowd, oblivious of the cars racing past, stood on its feet and watched him disappear, and then counted the minutes till he should come again. They guessed what he was going to try to do. Could he make it in time?—and would the car run?

Presently the speck reappeared far down the roadway—grew larger as it skimmed toward them—and then they saw a great hump on Morgan's back—and then, as he dashed up to the grand stand, they saw that the hump was a wheel, its tire inflated. He sprang from the motorcycle, gave it a push toward its owner, and instantly! Jack was unstrapping the wheel from his back. The next instant the two of them were fitting it to its place.

But before the task was done the announcer's shout went up, "Car coming!"—and two minutes later No. 18 tore by and began its tenth round. More than another two minutes were gone ere the last thing was finished. Then Morgan leaped to his seat, and Jack began to crank the engine. Would the engine run? the grand stand dasked itself. The engine answered with a mighty booming.

A hand fell on Morgan's shoulder—a hand in a soiled glove. He looked up at a figure that leaned out over the box railing. "You're going to win!" said a choking voice.

His face was tightened—that was all.

Jack bounded to his seat Morgan let in the clutch. The car moved! A great cry of relief rose from the grand stand, and changed to a cheer as the car fairly sprang into a leaping speed. Theirs was a brave try—but could man born of woman, and machine made of man, overcome the three minutes' lead of Eighteen?

Could they? If man and machine could, Morgan and Nineteen would. For the first minute he was full of fear that the spirit had been knocked out of her. But her cylinders fired with their old regularity; all her parts ran with their old ease. He called from her her best, and she gave it—loyally. Faster, faster she went—swaying, lurching, pulsing giantly. The gale of her making swept over the bonnet and struck her riders' face like blows. And still she went faster, as though she had the infinite speed of flying worlds.

"Ninety miles an hour—if we're moving at all!" gasped Jack.

Morgan did not answer. He did not hear. There were only two things in the world—that ribbon of oiled road which eyes dared not leave, this throbbing, whirling machine with its terrible, magnificent, unconquerable soul of fire.

At the first turn Morgan called back her speed—but not enough. As she flew about the curve she skidded off the course onto the grassy roadside—'twas a marvel her tire were not torn off, but they held — and missed a telephone pole and destruction by a foot. Jack suddered, but Morgan never winced—held his statue-like stare on the ribbon of roadway. She swung back into the course, and her speed mounted and mounted to its height of a minute ago, and there seemed still more speed in her—and she flung the miles behind her like God's fastest wind.

Could they make it? A hundred thousand people wanted them to—pressed on their flight with their hearts' best wishes. In the grand stand all eyes fixed at the beginning of the final stretch; cars thundered by all unnoted. The crowd sat with watch in hand, counting off the minutes since Nineteen had started—twenty—twenty-one — twenty-two—twenty-three—

"Car comnig!" shouted the announcer.

A tiny blot flashed into view. Eighteen or Nineteen? All eyes strained for the figures on the car's front as she came forward like a metetor. The number began to appear—the first figure was a one, the second eight or nine—eye could not tell which. The car dipped down a grade and was lost to sight. The heart of the crowd stood still. She flashed up into view again, and there was her number before all. Nineteen.

The next instant she roared by—two tense, crouching figures in her lap—the very soul, the very body of Speed itself. And the grand stand, on its feet, roared back at her. And a little girl in a tan coat let her head fall forward upon her folded arms.

It was the next morning. Mr. Peck, sitting at his old desk in the office of Peck & Morgan, pushed away a heap of open letters and took up again one of the half-dozen New York papers before him. There was but one thing in the papers, and that was the automobile race, and there was but one thing in the automobile race, and that was the wonderful running of Nineteen and the wonderful driving of Morgan. Mr. Peck clenched his jaws very tightly and scowled very heavily—but his mouth twitched and his eyes blinked and he read every word in each paper.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the office door opened and Morgan walked in, in automobile coat and begoggled cap, having just driven out from New York. He looked thin and pale, and his eyes were bloodshot from the strain of yesterday. He stared at Mr. Peck and at the heap of open letters, then walked sharply forward.

"Pardon me, sir, I should like to know what business you have to open my mail?" he demanded.

Mr. Peck did not reply at once, and when he did speak did not answer the question. Without looking up he jerked a pudgy thumb toward the heap of letters that lay on the desk.

"Thirty-seven orders there," he said, gruffly.

"They haven't had a chance to come in —there'll be a hundred tomorrow," Morgan could not refrain from answering. "I have twenty with me." His face grew sharp again.

"What right, sir, have you in my mail?" he asked.

Mr. Peck again jerked his thumb toward the heap of orders.

"Mr. Morgan, don't be so brash—you need money to push them thru' How much d'you want?"

"None."

Mr. Peck looked up at the pale face of the young man.

"None? None? What do you mean?" His jaw fell.

"You know Mr. Tucker has been wanting to branch out into the automobile business," Morgan quietly explained. "He's offered me two hundred thousand for what I bought of you."

Mr. Peck rose weakly up. "You've—sold—my—stock?" he gasped.

"My stock," Morgan corrected him, very calmly.

"You've sold it?"

"I have the offer."

Mr. Peck's right fist came up and shook tremulously in Morgan's face. "Young man, if you sell that stock away from me, I'll—I'll—well, it's an easy guess you've still got an eye on my daughter. You sell that stock—and to that d——d Tucker!—and you'll never say a word to her again!"

"That brings up another point," Morgan said with the same quietness. He turned to his own desk, threw it open and scribbled a note. He then touched a button and handed the note to the answering boy, with the direction:

"In the touring car out in front."

Morgan wheeled about and looked steadily at Mr. Peck. Mr. Peck sank into his chair and glared back, and for a minute or more there was silence. Then the door opened.

Mr. Peck looked around, and Morgan rose and took off his cap. There stood Miss Peck, in an automobile coat, her veil drawn above her face, which was very fresh and very pink. An impartial judge would have declared that she was very pretty.

"Why, hello!" Mr. Peck exclaimed. "I thought you were in New York with your aunt."

"I just came back. I—I wanted to see you," she said, growing a little pinker, and if possible, a little prettier.

"Can't talk to you now; I'm busy. You'll have to wait outside."

"Don't go, please," Morgan said quickly. "Your father has surmised, pardon me for repeating it, that I—I am attracted toward you. And he has said that unless I let him have back his stock, you'll have never a word to say to me."

"An . mean it!" Mr. Peck's face purpled and his fist slammed upon his desk. "What I tell her to do, my daughter does. I ordered her three months ago to have nothing to do with you—and has she, eh? I guess not. It'll be the same in the future. You remember that!"

"Does the inverse of your threat hold good?" Morgan queried. "If I let you have back the stock, then you'll have no objection——"

Mr. Peck dismissed the point with a wave of his hand.

"Then I step out. It'll be between you two."

Morgan looked at Miss Peck. She met his glance with a blush. He turned back to her father.

"You'll put up cash?"

"Yes. Nm—how much?"

"Two hundred thousand."

"One hundred and fifty."

"Two hundred thousand is Tucker's offer. I can't take less."

Mr. Peck stared at the set face. "All right," he growled. A cunning look came into his eyes. "But remember, my dear sir, for the same amount of stock as I had before—fifty-one per cent."

"Forty-nine," said Morgan.

The young man's face was determined, masterful.

Mr. Peck saw that the day of his control was gone. He scowled into his desk a minute.

"Well, let it go at that."

There was a moment's pause, then he took his hat from the top of his desk and rose.

"I guess I'd better be gonig," he said, with a knowing look, "so a couple of young people can make their peace."

"You needn't bother," said Morgan. "We've made it." He stepped to Miss Peck's side and drew her hand through his arm. Her face was aflame and his own suddenly flushed.

"The Reverend Doctor Thorndyke acted as peacemaker," he said.

(The End.)

MEAN HOWLING MOB

INSULT WOMEN MARCHING WOMEN IN CAPITOL CITY

INSULTED WOMEN WEEP

Line of March Blocked by Seething Multitude Who Offer Many Indignities, Hostile Demonstrations Frequently Bordering on Riot, Until United States Soldiers Forced Passage for Paraders.

Five thousand women, marching in the woman suffrage pagean Monday, practically fought their way foot by foot up Pennsylvania avenue, a surging mob that completely defied the Washington police, swamped the marchers and broke their procession into little companies.

The women, trudging stoutly along under great difficulties, were able to complete their march only when troops of cavalry from Fort Meyer were rushed into Washington to take charge of Pennsylvania avenue. No inauguration has produced such scenes, which, in many instances, amounted to nothing less than riots.

Later, in Continental Hall, the women turned what was to have been a suffrage demonstration into an indignation meeting, in which the Washington police were roundly denounced for their inactivity and resolutions were passed calling upon President-elect Wilson and the incoming Congress to make an investigation and locate the responsibility for the indignities the marchers suffered.

The scenes which attended the entry of "Gen." Rosalie Jones and her "hikers" on Thursday, when the bedraggled women had to fight their way up Pennsylvania avenue, swamped by a mob, were repeated Monday, but upon a vastly larger scale. The marchers had to fight their way from the start and took more than an hour in making the first ten blocks. Many of the women were in tears under the jeers and insults that lined the route.

Although stout wire ropes had been stretched up and down the length of Pennsylvania avenue from the Peace monument to the Mall, behind the White House, the enormous crowds that gathered early to obtain points of vantage overstepped them or crawled beneath. Apparently no effort was made to drive back the trespassers in the early hours, with the result that when the parade started it faced at almost every hundred yards a solid wall of humanity.

On the whole it was a hostile crowd through which the women marched. Miss Inez Milholland, herald of the procession, distinguished herself by aiding in riding down a mob that blocked the way and threatened to disrupt the parade. Another woman member of the "petticoat cavalry" struck a hoodlum a stinging blow across the face with her riding crop in reply to a scurrilous remark as she was passing. The mounted police seemed powerless to stem the tide of humanity.

A group of hoodlums gathered in front of the reviewing stand in which sat Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen Taft and a half dozen invited guests from the White House. They kept up a running fire of causting comments. Apparently no effort was made to remove them and, evidently disgusted, the White House party left before the procession had passed in its halting and interrupted journey toward Continental Hall.

The tableaux on the steps of the treasury building, framed in the great columns and broad stairway of the Government treasury house, were begun when the parade started from its rendezvous at the base of the Capitol. Beautiful in coloring and grouping, the dramatic symbolication of women's aspirations for political freedom was completed long before the head of the parade was in sight.

In their thin dresses and bare arms the players stood shivering for more than an hour and finally they were forced to seek refuge within the building. Around the treasury department the crowds were massed so tightly that repeated charges by the police were seemingly ineffective. It was as though the blue coats charged a stone wall. Occasionally the mob gave way in one place only to break over and under the wire hedge at some other.

When the cavalry suddenly appeared there was a wild outburst of applause in the reviewing stand. The men in brown virtually brushed aside the mounted and foot police and took charged. In two lines the troop charged the crowds. Evidently realizing they would be ridden down the mob fought their way back. When they hesitated, the cavalrymen, under the orders of their officers, did not hesitate. Their horses were driven into the throngs and whirled and wheeled until hooting men and women were forced to retreat. A space was quickly cleared.

The parade in itself, in spite of the delays, was a great success. Passing through two walls of antagonistic humanity the marchers for the most part kept their temper. They suffered insult and closed their ears to jibes and jeers. Few faltered, although several of the older women were forced to drop out from time to time. Miss Helen Keller, the noted deaf and blind girl, was so exhausted and unnerved by the experience in attempting to reach a grand stand, where she was to have been a guest of honor, that she was unable to speak later at Continental Hall.

State Feeds Wild Ducks.

Thousands of wild ducks, caught by the cold and held prisoners in Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario, are being fed by New York State. Game protectors notified the State Conservation Commission that the ducks were dying from lack of food and were promptly ordered to buy grain to feed them.

TURNS SEVERAL LOOSE

GOV. BLEASE INCREASES HIS PAROLE RECORD.

Eight More Were Turned Out on Probation From the State Penitentiary Monday Afternoon.

Governor Blease has turned another batch of convicts loose, and has thus increased his parole record by eight more. Monday afternoon he turned out of the penitentiary the following convicts during good behavior

Charles N. Pearman, convicted in Abbeville, September, 1911, before Judge George W. Gage, for manslaughter and sentenced to three years' imprisonment on the public works.

Sam Slaughter, convicted in Edgefield, August, 1911, before Judge J. W. DeVore for grand larceny and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Otis Perry, convicted in Lancaster, October, 1906, before Judge George E. Dydrick, of burglary and larceny ravish and sentenced to ten years on the public works or in the penitentiary.

John Stover, convicted in Lancaster, October, 1908, before Judge D. E. Hydrick, of burglaryand larceny and sentenced to ten years on the public works or in the penitentiary.

Alonzo Parker, convicted in Laurens, January, 1908, before Judge George W. Gage, of assault and battery with intent to kill, and with carrying concealed weapons and sentenced to three years on the public works.

G. W. Gregory, convicted in Newberry, November, 1912, before Judge R. W. Memminger, of assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature and sentenced to three years on the public works.

M. L. Burke, convicted in Spartanburg, November, 1912, before Judge Frank B. Gary, for rviolation of the dispensary law and sentenced to five months on the public works or to pay a fine of $300.

John Jones, convicted in Union County, Feb., 1912, before Judge George W. Gage, for housebreaking and larceny, and was sentenced to fifteen months on the public works of Union county or the same length of time in the penitentiary.

ATTACK LADY ON STREET.

She Was Seized While Walking on a Street at Night.

A special to The News and Courier from Anderson says a young lady of prominent family was attacked by a man as she was walking down East Orr street on her way home, about 7:30 o'clock Monday night.

The lady described the man as being a traveling salesman out of Baltimore, whom she had seen several times Monday in the office building where she is employed. The police were notified and every precaution was taken to prevent the suspected man from escaping, but at 10 o'clock Monday night he had not been located.

The lady says she had gone only a few yards off North Main street when the man, from behind, grabbed her. She jerked loose, bruising and scratching her arm, and in the scuffle she lost her hat. She ran as fast as she could to her home, and on arriving there fell in a faint. When she had sufficiently recovered she gave the officers a description of the man and gave the name of the person she thinks committed the attack.

The young lady was necessarily excited Monday night, but no serious effects are anticipated. The affair has caused excitement on the streets.

LYNCH TWO NEGRO TRAMPS.

Strung Up for Murdering Policeman at Cornelia, Ga.

Two unidentified negro tramps, charged with killing Policeman John Bibby of Cornelia, Ga., were taken from a posse and lynched near there Friday night by a mob of masked men. Both the negroes were strung up to a telegraph pole in the presence of several hundred persons from Cornelia and Clarkeville, Ga.

The negroes came into Cornelia Friday morning on a freight and were arrested by the policeman. As Gibby was handcuffing one of them, the other took the officer's pistol and shot Gibby twice. Death was instantaneous. Both the negroes escaped at the time.

Posses immediately were organized and with the assistance of bloodhounds the fugitives were captured late Friday. While they were being taken to the Clarkesville jail a mob of masked men overpowered the posse and lynched the negroes.

Cat Won Admission From Cold.

Roused from his slumbers by the ringing of his door bell Lewis A. Craft, of Burlington, N. J., answered the summons only to find no one on the porch. He retired and a few minutes later heard the bell ringing again. This time he peered from the window and saw his cat "Nig" pressing the push button with his paw. The trick won "Nig" quick refuge from the cold and storm.

WILSON'S ARRIVAL

MAKES THRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE CAPITOL

CHEERED ON ALL SIDES

Thousands Upon Thousands of Americans Welcome to Washington the Man Who Tuesday Became the Second Democrat to Occupy the White House Since the War.

Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, went to Washington on Monday to be inaugurated the twenty-eighth President of the United States. His was a triumphal entry, the pent-up Democratic enthusiasm of sixteen years concentrating seemingly at the gateway of the nation's Capital and bursting forth in a joyful acclaim

Through a lane of Princeton University students and surrounded by cheering thousands, the President-elect and members of his family were hastened from the station, escorted by an official reception committee, to their hotel. The dome of the Capitol glistened under a bright sun as they passed and the city below presented a panorama of patriotic color as they viewed it from the hill.

Smiling in the glow of a kindly day and bowing to the plaudits of the people, the former President of Princeton University, who rose thru' the governorship of New Jersey to the highest office in the land, looked happy. President-elect Wilson's arrival in Washington was quite similar to his departure from Princeton. Students of Princeton University formed in a narrow lane stretching from the train steps to the President's room in the Union Station.

There was deep silence as the President-elect, followed by members of his family, walked through the avenue formed by the students. The latter stood with their hats off. Mr. Wilson also doffed his silk hat. Walking with him were William Corcoran Eustis, chairman of the inaugural committee, and Thomas Nelson Page, chairman of the Wilson reception committee. In the President's room Mr. Wilson was introduced to the fifty members of the reception committee while the students grouped themselves on the esplanade just outside the station.

Here, as Mr. Wilson got into a White House automobile, cheer after cheer came from the Princeton students. First they gave the "locomotive" cheer with its "sis boom bah" for "Wilson", and then for Wilson and then for "Princeton". They alternated this with a thundering roar until the President-elect started away. Col. Spencer S. Cosby, chief aide to President Taft, and a naval and military aide from the White House, accompanied Mr. Wilson to his hotel. There were cheers along the way.

Within less than two hours after his arrival Mr. Wilson, for the first time in his life crossed the threshold of the White House and grasped the hand of William Howard Taft, President of the United States. With Mrs. Wilson, the President-elect was escorted to the home which is now theirs by Col. Spencer Crosby shortly before six o'clock. The President and Mrs. Taft awaited their coming and extended them their cordial greeting and the keys to the home of Presidents.

Before visiting the White House the Wilsons received the Vice-President-elect and Mrs. Marshall, Governor Sulzer, of New York; Governor Pothier, of Rhode Island, and staff, and a few personal friends. First, however, immediately after their arrival at the hotel the President-elect, Mrs. Wilson and their daughters joined in an informal reunion with other members of the family, who have gathered from different parts of the country. An entire floor of the hotel is occupied by the members of the family, who dined later in the evening as the guests of John Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., cousin of the President-to-be.

Monday night as an alumnus of Princeton University the man who is to guide the destinies of the nation was the honor guest of the alumni of his alma mater at a smoker. There he rubbed elbows with old classmates and boys who had grown up under his guidance and he left the last of his functions as a private citizen at a late hour to seek a few hours rest.

Baby Killed by Engine.

William Percy Woodall, the nineteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Woodall, of Hapeville, Ga., was run over and killed by a Central passenger train about eight o'clock Monday morning, while the boy's mother stood on the porch of the house 100 yards from the scene of the tragedy, powerless to prevent it.

Bryan in the Saddle.

The Washington correspondent of The News and Courier says events of Friday in connection with the fight for the reorganization of the Senate after March 4, prove that the control of the Senate will be with the West instead of the South, that the influence of Wm. J. Bryan at that end of the Capitol is supreme.